

A PARLIAMENT MAGAZINE

HOT SPOT

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VOL. 1 / NO. 3

THE NUDE DUDE

THE PENNY PINCHER'S
GUIDE TO PLEASURE

MOTEL MADCAP

STRONG ARM
LOVER

ADULTS ONLY



HOT SPOT

Volume 1 Number 3

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PICTORIALS

- 4 THE MAID WITH THE FLAXEN BRAID..... Eleanor Fletcher
18 A LOAF OF BREAD, A JUG OF WINE AND WOW..... Triva Moran
22 LAUREN'S MIDNIGHT GLOW..... Lauren Winters
26 TWILIGHT TORNADO..... Cleo Nasif
44 WANDA'S WITCHING HOUR..... Wanda Mitchell
62 THE NUDE DUDE..... Dorrie Collins
66 THE CRAVIN' OF RAVEN..... Raven Montgomery
68 MOTEL MADCAP..... Betty Peters
72 THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER IN THE HAYSTACK..... Tina Morgan
76 THE NAKED KITTY..... Donna Barry

HUMOR

- 58 THE PENNY PINCHERS GUIDE TO PLEASURE..... By Irv Spector

ARTICLES

- 18 CON GIRLS ON THE LOOSE..... By Richard Warren
42 HOW TO LOSE A WIFE..... By Joseph Hilton

FICTION

- 10 THE DEMON AND THE WELL-HEELED SATYR..... By Harry Neale
30 LOVE FOR A PENNY..... By Hammel Schmidt
58 LOVE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HENRY..... By Hal Annas

FEATURE

- 33 A DIFFERENT KIND OF CONTEST.....

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Yes, there's a definite difference in Ellie — many of them as a matter of fact, from her swinging looks to her fresh and unexpected personality. But let's start with the most apparent one — her hair.





In these days of the standardized woman with interchangeable parts it is a pleasure indeed — to meet a young lady who dares to be just a bit different. So, meet Eleanor Fletcher, a rare and special gal.

THE MAID WITH THE FLAXEN BRAID





Ellie is a natural blonde — and that's something different right away. Furthermore, she couldn't care less about the latest craze for bubbles, beehives and Jackie bobs — Eleanor prefers a braid.







Ellie's worn the braid since she was nine years old. She has never cut her hair, and when she lets it down, it falls to her waist in golden waves. But what else is different about her? Well — she collects Greek statues. How's that for a start? She's an expert chess player. Enough? We'd say that in every way, Ellie is more than enough.



cinder's

Anyone who has worked in a ladies shoe store knows the type. They come in all ages, shapes and sizes, but when a shoe salesman sees one, he wants to run and hide. Who are we talking about? Why, the shoe-crazy girls, of course, and here's a charter member of the club.

Miss Lucinda Bellings, a young lady who normally tries on about forty pairs of shoes before she buys one. But salesmen don't mind waiting on Lucinda, (Cinder for short). With her legs, they could show her shoes all day.



glass slippers







One salesman at a shoe shop Cinder frequents nearly flipped when she bought the first pair he showed her. They were the glass slippers you see so enchantingly modeled.

Cinder was so delighted with them — particularly with her nickname — that she asked the salesman to escort her to a fancy dress ball.

The lucky shoe-dog.



SATAN and SILK

For the first time in his eternally damned life, Satan was going to obtain his heart's desire—then a greater power intervened, and the Devil planned a ghoulish revenge.

BY D. B. Lewis

The Devil digs silk stockings too. Down in his igneous castle in the southwest corner of Gehenna atop his flaming throne, his Royal Lowness never gets the chance to see a female leg encased in that shining, silken sheath of sex incarnate — the stocking.

All the gorgeous ladies who appear before the Devil to be condemned to eternal damnation. (Many of them are gorgeous, for beauty is seldom a guarantee of virtue — often quite the opposite.) all of them are depressingly nude. They arrive wearing only one item — a startled expression.

So Satan has dreamed for eons of seeing well shaped gams in black nylons — and one day he had a bright idea.

Once upon a time, seventeen lovely females appeared before the Devil: Their souls were already securely locked in his vault. All were very, very beautiful, and all were very, very damned — a house of ill repute in a mid-western city had burned down, catching girls and customers alike in flagrante delictu. The men had received their heavenly dispensation according to their sins, for the frequenting of such houses is considered but a minor infraction in itself.

But the seventeen lovelies stood before the Devil, wearing seventeen varieties of terrified expressions. The Devil sighed, looking at the line, back and forth, up and down. No stockings.

One of the girls was quite young. She didn't look quite as damned as the others. The Devil shrugged and with a wave of his taloned hand, whisked her off to Purgatory. Satan hates to lose a sinner, but regulations are regulations.

It was then, while staring at the remaining sixteen beauties, that the Devil got his notion. He leaned forward on his blazing throne, resting his bearded chin on his 13-foot pitchfork. He scowled at the girls, and shadows flickered at the corners of the throne-room. A lick of orange flame entered through a tall arched window, and the sixteen

(continued on page 16)





2

The Devil, or His Utter Foulness as he is sometimes called, has a certain amount of elbow-room. Supervision from above can extend just so far. Angels, like anyone else, can fall asleep at the switch.

And the Devil doesn't like legman. He clobbers them, whenever he gets a chance. Why? Because he's jealous.

All during our normal lives on earth, we get the chance to enjoy what the Devil, with all his powers, cannot enjoy — beautiful, shapely legs — in stockings.

So he hates us. You and me, and every other guy in the clan.

(He hates lots of other types too, who in life can pursue kicks denied to him because of his own damnation. But that's another story. Right now, we're concerned with legmen.)

And we are concerned.

Like, you'd better lead fairly decent lives (just within limits; perfection is not demanded), or the Devil will lower the boom when he finds out you're a legman.

Here's what happened to one member of our gam-group:

(continued on page 17)



female souls quivered. But his scowl was not for them. The Devil was just thoughtful.

"Why in Hell," he said, "to put it literally, have I waited — just waited — for some beautiful gal to show up wearing the silk? Now isn't that a gas? Here I am, Satan, the Devil, His Supreme Stinkiness, with a whole potful of magical powers at my command — and I wait around like some jerk at a bus-stop!" He stood up, towering over the gasping, terrified females. He crashed the butt-end of his pitchfork down, and sparks flew, thundering in a voice like an RCA echo-chamber. "I am Satan! I am the Ruler of Hell, and all its minions! I can change the courses of the planets in their orbits . . ." He paused. "With proper authorization, of course." Then his eyes flashed fire again: "But here, I rule. Two hundred and twenty-two thousand six-hundred and seventy-four demons, imps, and demi-fiends are at my bidding! Ninety-six trillion, four-thousand and sixty-three billion, eight-hundred and seventy-one million, three-hundred and thirty-two thousand . . ." He paused, and looked over at the Recording Demon, who sat at a copper desk in a bed of coals. "How many damned souls?" he said tiredly. "Is that about right?"

"About," the Demon shrugged. "Who knows?"

"Anyway," the Devil roared, "all those lousy damned souls tremble at the sound of my step! Like I'm the big shot around here!" He sat down again, with a thump of scales on bronze. "And here I sit around for years, like an idiot, waiting for something — when all I have to do is use satanic sorcery and make it happen! . . ."

He looked at the line of beautiful girls, and licked his chops.

"Stockings!" he thundered, taloned fingers spread wide.

The flames of Hell stirred as the currents of his terrible magic echoed around and bounced off walls. In a far, far corner, many millions of startled silkworm souls were galvanized into action . . . they spun strands of silk at a great rate, wondering what was going on.

In a moment — in one magical, Hellish moment — the silk was spun, the fabric was formed, the stockings were made —

The stockings appeared on the thirty-two legs of the sixteen beautiful deceased lovelies.

The Devil took one look, and lost his satisfied, anticipatory smile. He bellowed his frustrated fury, and the walls of the throneroom shook. He took another look and howled again — it was unbelievable. Every demon in the throneroom winced, and some averted shocked eyes from the sight.

The Devil forced himself to look back at the stockings. He was grinding his teeth in Hellish anger, and sparks ignited his beard.

The stockings on the girls were a vivid, bilious green — with lavender and pink polka-dots — and crimson seams.

Suddenly, an angelic presence appeared in the throneroom, surrounded by an aura of pale gold light. Satan covered his face—as did all the others.

"Like, you're damned too," the angel said, "and don't you ever forget it! You're doing all right for a bum — but nix on the special kicks. I got orders to give you a special reminder, so this's it!"

And a pair of stockings appeared on the Devil's legs — yellow, with blue and purple zebra-stripes.

Satan leaped twenty feet in the air, clawing at the horrible things, ripping them off. He howled in indignation. He lit with a crash, and injured his tail. In the worst mood possible he ordered the sixteen girls to Pit #17-A, the one seething with shark and piranha ghosts beneath the surface of the lava.

Two months later, he relented and transferred them to areas of normal damnation. Even the Devil has a sense of justice. He'd better — because — like he's watched. ♠



His name was Joe. He stood on the smoking, bronze throneroom floor, and knew that he was doomed to eternal torment.

Not one word escaped his terrified lips. Not a moan — not a plea; nothing except a series of wordless, hairlifting, bloodcurdling screams.

"Shut him up, already!" the Devil commanded, scratching his ear.

A demon waved its tail. Joe's mouth clamped shut. No more screams came out. Instead, unvoiced, they reverberated against the corners of Joe's skull.

"You are a legman!" the Devil said in a deep, disapproving voice.

"This is a sin?" Joe exclaimed, between screams.

"Not really," the Devil said, scowling. "You're here because you're a con-artist. In life, you bilked many, many unfortunate widows of their hard-earned savings — by promising them a communication from their beloved dead husbands!" He consulted Joe's record, in his giant taloned hand. "Judging from this, you're one hell of a ventriloquist!"

"Right," Joe said, proudly.

"Well," said the Devil. "Hell's where you're going to be, for a long time. If you're such a hot ventriloquist," said the Devil, "let's see if you can make that drape over there say something. Go ahead!"

Joe pursed his lips slightly. "How about a break, man?" said the drape. "Like, I don't get it! You're supposed to dig evil — right? So I been a louse all my life, and you throw the book at me! I made lotsa widows unhappy, didn't I? Wasn't I helping you out in your bad work? Why step on me, huh? I don't get it!"

Then Joe unpursed his lips and spoke in his normal voice: "Not bad, huh?"

"Not bad at all," the Devil agreed. "I don't get it myself — why I have to create Evil and punish it at the same time. But orders are orders. And —" He stood up, scowling: "You're a legman!"

"Yeh," Joe said, nervously.

"Nothing is so beautiful to you," Satan said, "as the female gam, encased in a shimmering, sheer veil of silk.

"Yeah!" Joe said, remembering.

"And you've seen that wonderful sight. . . Satan consulted Joe's record . . . "eight-thousand, three-hundred and forty-six times, during the past thirty-one years. Right?"

"Yes, sir! I'm a legman from the word go!"

"So am I," the Devil said. "However, I haven't seen it once in the past thousand years! Therefore, I hate your guts!"

And he waved an angry hand, and Joe vanished, with a whoosh.

Joe found himself in a gigantic, softly-lit hall. All about him were the forms of lovely women, reclining on cushions. Exotic, passionate music filled the room — tender, almost inaudible; yet a thrilling stimulus to the Joe's senses.

The beautiful women were nude — except that all wore long, iridescent, sleek, sheer stockings of finest silk

"Wow!" said Joe, swallowing hard. "Wow Wow!" he added, lunging toward the nearest languorous female.

Then, having encountered her, he yelled at the top of his lungs: "It ain't fair! Dammit, it ain't!"

"It sure ain't," the Devil agreed, from his castle miles away. "Let's see you make them talk!" And he winked at the Recording Demon, who winked back. "Hah, hah!"

It's a mortal shame to leave the Devil so happy, but we must stick to the facts.

As for Joe, he's spending all eternity running around and howling his head off — in the gigantic hall filled with unbelievably beautiful — department-store mannikins. ♠



a loaf
of bread,
a jug of wine
and WOW!

... and thou beside me singing in the wilderness.
So sang the poet of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*.
He was talking about a love idyll in the arms
of mother nature, but the romantic spirit applies
just as well to sultry, sulky Triva Moran
in her Greenwich Village beatnik pad.
For Triva has the sensual spirit and evocative
beauty that love poetry is made of.







Triva is a budding artist. While she spends long hours with her paints and brushes, she feels that in order to portray life as it is, one must experience life. Triva is hungry for experience. She refuses to be bound in by conventional morality. Like her idol, Vincent Van Gogh, she has a lust for life.







Triva is not content to simply live life without understanding it. So, she lives alone in a tiny apartment where she has the privacy she needs to meditate. If Triva decides she wants to portray beauty—she won't have to look far for a model. She can simply set up a mirror before her easel.

IN, OUT, and all about the Bed

Joseph Hilton

If you think the bed is just springs, a mattress and four posts, read on — for over the years, inventive souls have devised the wildest, wackiest and wierdest collection of reclining devices imaginable. And few of them were designed for the traditional forty winks.

Thought about the bed lately?

It's something to think about, and in more ways than one—providing you can get your mind off what you normally think about when anyone mentions "bed."

For since prehistoric times, when our remote ancestors first emerged from the caves and began building primitive homes, no other article of household furniture, supposedly purely functional, has played such a contradictory role.

Balzac, who was something of an expert in such esoteric matters, once wrote: "A bed is love's theatre." Well, that's a nice delicate way of putting it, for over the centuries the bed has been the scene of a weird and wonderful series of dramas, comedies, burlesques, erotic extravaganzas, and just about everything else in the way of off-beat entertainment, that the mind of man could devise. Which is plenty.

According to the scholars who go around raking up buried bones, our caveman forebears made the first stab at making a bed. And lying in it, too. That was when they started stacking animal pelts on the dank, damp ground. The general idea was that it would make sleeping more comfortable.

That was about the last

time the bed was considered purely as a sleeping aid and nothing else.

As far as has yet been discovered the first modern-type beds appeared on the scene a bit over 4,000 years ago. It is evident that King Tutankhamen, who ruled Egypt back in those days, had a sentimental attachment to his beds, for several were found in his tomb when it was opened in 1922.

From old King Tut's time on, in fact, the bed became quite a fanciful item having little or nothing to do with innocent slumber. The Medes and the Persians, not content with fashioning ornate beds out of silver, gold, ivory and mother-of-pearl, proceeded to write some pretty lurid poetry describing in passionate detail the pleasures they had had therein, frolicking with

their various amorous lasses.

The famous sculptor Charés, who occupied a favored position in the court of Alexander the Great, went the poets one better. He decorated his bed with carvings of nude male and female figures cavorting in bed in various and sundry positions, none of which had anything to do with slumber. In his old age Charés wrote that this erotic art work, executed in his more virile days (and nights), was a great comfort to him. A sort of illustrated reminder of the pleasures he had once enjoyed.

The bed, along with nearly every other sign of civilized living, more or less disappeared from Europe during the Dark Ages. But with the Renaissance the bedroom — and beds — began to make up for lost time.





It was the French (who else?) who added the fancy touches. To quote Mary Eden and Richard Carrington, who did an exhaustive history on the subject: "Most French beds were so seductively elegant and feminine in appearance that they seem useful for little else than amorous dalliance. One can almost imagine that for more serious activities — such as sickness and death — their owners must have been shipped across the Channel to Britain where the beds were more utilitarian."

One thing is for sure. The bedroom was the most popular room in the house, and French spent almost as much time in bed as out.

This habit led to the invention — if that is the word — of twin beds. Seems that Henry IV was accustomed to con-

ducting affairs of state from his bed, with political discussions sometimes going on until dawn. His good wife Marguerite — who later gained considerable fame by writing the *Heptameron*, a collection of lightly lascivious tales that is still on the forbidden list in this country — finally objected and insisted on having her own bed. It was heavily curtained to keep out the light and give her a small degree of privacy. Later, as her stories reveal, she discovered that you don't need privacy if you are alone in bed.

For that matter, some people felt they didn't need privacy even if they weren't alone in bed. At least that is what one enterprising furniture maker gambled on when he devised a bed called for some reason a *lit de grace*. It was an enormous affair, rich

in tufted satin, topped by a canopy of mirrors. There were fifty mirrors in all, so placed that the occupants — and the *lit de grace* could accommodate three couples at the same time — could see just how they were doing. In comparison, that is.

Meanwhile, across the Channel, the British were getting in on the bed routine, but without the French emphasis on fun and frolic. Around 1779 one Dr. James Graham opened up what he called a Temple of Health in London. Among other bits of sucker-bait, he exploited something he advertised as a "celestial bed" that was guaranteed to assure conception to the occupants. To quote an article written at the time, it was: "A sumptuous bed in brocaded damask supported by four crystal pillars of spiral shape festooned with garlands of flowers in gilded metal; and for a fee of fifty guineas Dr. Graham offers couples, young and old, the means of getting offspring. On whatever side one gets into this bed, which is called 'Celestial,' one hears an organ played in unison with three others, which make agreeable music consisting of varied airs which carry the happy couple into the arms of Morpheus. For nearly an hour that the concert lasts, one sees in the bed streams of light which play especially over the pillows. When the time for getting up has come, the magician comes to feel the pulse of the faithful, gives them breakfast, and sends them away full of hope, not forgetting to remind them to send him other clients."

(continued on page 51)

twilight



tornado

It's a woman's Cleo Nasif. That's right — for Cleopatra — Queen of the Nile. Cleo was born in Egypt which explains the name, her Near-Eastern beauty — and smoldering, fiery temperament.








In the Arab world, women are kept under wraps. Heavily veiled, they may not show more than their eyes in public. Neither are they allowed to express emotion outside the privacy of their homes. So, when Cleo moved to America, she was delighted to learn that she could express herself however and whenever she liked. Now, when she gets home from her job with an import-export firm, she quickly changes clothes and heads for a lonely spot in the woods. There, she strips off her clothes joyously and revels in her new found freedom. Cleo was ecstatic when the weather department called their latest tornado by her name. She thought they meant her. Well — why not?





Sally
loves
you



Al couldn't help reading the embroidered message on the lace trimmed panties: "Sally Loves You."

LOVE FOR A PENNEY

AL WAS JUST AN ORDINARY GUY WHO WORKED IN A STEEL MILL — AND THE GIRL WAS A RICH, CLASSY CHICK WHO WAS WAY OUT OF HIS LEAGUE. HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN BLACK MAGIC OR VOODOO, BUT THERE WAS NO OTHER EXPLANATION FOR THE FANTASTIC THING THAT WAS HAPPENING TO HIM.

BY HAMMEL SCHMIDT

Funny thing how you run into happiness where you least expect to find it. Like in front of Miller's Drug store at the corner of Main and Kenmore.

The steel plant where Al Thompson worked was on strike and he was goofing around town wondering what to do with all his spare time. He stopped to read the sign on the penny weighing-machine standing near the entrance to Miller's Drug store: YOUR CORRECT WEIGHT AND FORTUNE FOR A PENNY.

(continued on page 50)

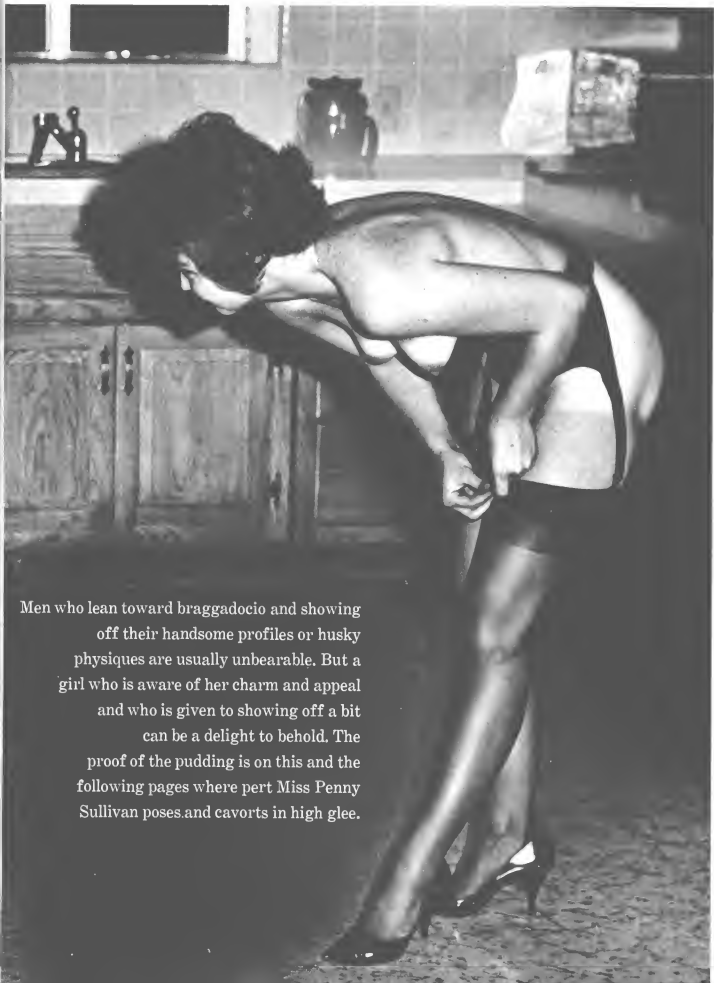


THE SHEER



SHOW-OFF





Men who lean toward braggadocio and showing off their handsome profiles or husky physiques are usually unbearable. But a girl who is aware of her charm and appeal and who is given to showing off a bit can be a delight to behold. The proof of the pudding is on this and the following pages where pert Miss Penny Sullivan poses and cavorts in high glee.





Penny isn't a professional poser, whose smiles and attitudes sometimes seem a little stiff and strained. She's just an animated creature who lets her lively personality shine out in her form and expression. She is the same when the camera isn't on her — pert, saucy, and outgoing.



It is not every woman who can get away with being cute. The sultry siren who talks baby talk makes men cringe. But if a girl has freckles and dimples like Penny has, she can scrunch her mouth up to make a horrid face; she can stick out her tongue or even wiggle her ears, and you love her the more for it. All this is not to imply that Penny always plays the antic. Not at all. With her shapely legs encased in the sheerest of black nylons, she can be as voluptuous and desirable as anyone could wish.









Like most sophisticated women, Penny adjusts her personality to the man she's going out with. If he's shy and retiring, why then, Penny is quiet and attentive. If he's debonair and romantic, Penny is sleek and glamorous. But if Penny's date is antic himself, then the sparks really fly. She can bubble and giggle and be her natural, unabashed, frivolous self all through a fun-filled evening.





THE LIGHTER SIDE OF HOT SPOT



"But you promised to make me a star."

An unemployed young actor came home from a day of making the rounds to find his apartment a shambles and his pretty young wife in hysterics, her clothes torn and hanging in shreds from her almost nude body.

"Great heaven! What happened?" he cried, fearing the worst.

"Oh, darling," she sobbed, throwing her arms around him. "I fought and fought, but he . . ."

"Who did this hideous thing to you?" the actor demanded.

"He came here to see you and took advantage of finding me alone to . . ."

"But who?"

Crushed by shame, she averted her eyes and whispered, "Your agent."

The actor's face suddenly brightened. The anger in his voice turned to joy. "My agent! Has he got a part for me?"

* * *

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses
And all the King's men
Couldn't have cared less

* * *

A faith-healer ran into his old friend Fred and asked him how things were going.

"Not so good," was the troubled reply. "My brother is very sick."

"Your brother isn't sick," contradicted the faith-healer, "he only thinks he's sick. Remember that. He only thinks he's sick."

Three months later, they met again, and the faith-healer asked Fred: "How's your brother these days?"

"Worse," groaned Fred. "He thinks he's dead."

* * *

Psychoanalyst: "A hysterical girl is most efficiently quieted by a firm kiss."

Friend: "How do you get one hysterical?"

* * *

A boy and girl were out driving. They came to a secluded spot on a country road, and the car stopped.

"Out of gas," said the boy.

The girl quickly opened her purse and pulled out a bottle.

"Wow!" exclaimed the boy.

"You've got a whole fifth. What kind is it?"

"Ethyl," replied the girl.

* * *

There's only one thing slower than your wife getting her clothes on. That's a woman who isn't your wife getting her clothes off.

An American tourist was visiting a French friend in a suburb of Paris. Their conversation turned to the subject of the Frenchman's nine-year-old son.

"I guess," said the American, "that he knows all about the birds and the bees, already, huh?"

"Mais, non," he admitted, "we've never talked about it. But if you Americans do that, then I'm sure it must be the thing to do."

Accordingly, the Frenchman called his little son to him.

"Pierre," he asked the boy, "do you remember the time you and I went to Paris for a week-end without maman?"

"Oui, papa," said Pierre.

"Do you remember the hotel we stayed at?"

"Oui, papa."

"Do you remember the chambermaid who came to clean our room?"

"Oui, papa."

"And, Pierre, do you remember papa making love to her on the sofa?"

"Oui, papa."

"Well . . . it is the same with the birds and the bees."

What a raffle! A girl we know took a chance on a sofa and won a baby-carriage.

Two executives at the same company who were speaking acquaintances chanced to play a game of golf together one day. After about four holes, they found themselves suddenly held up by two women who were playing the hole just ahead. They waited and waited, but the women just wouldn't move. The two men got disgusted, and finally, one said to the other: "Damn it, I'm going down there and ask those two women if we can play through." "Good idea," his acquaintance replied.

The executive strode down the fairway, but soon he came hurrying back without having seen the women.

"Why didn't you tell them?" asked the one who had waited.

"I couldn't possibly," said the other. "When I got close enough, I saw that one was my wife and the other was my mistress."

"I see what you mean," said the first executive. "Very well. I'll go down and ask them."

So the first executive went striding down the fairway, but got no farther than his acquaintance, when he, too, turned around and hurried back to where the other was standing, and said, "Small world, isn't it?"

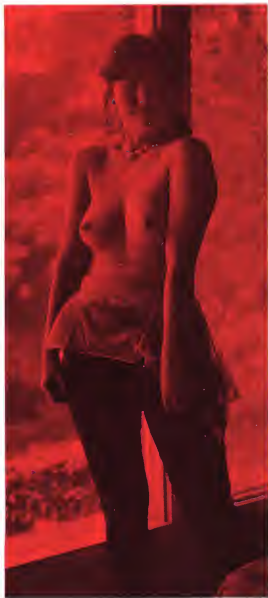


"Hello, Al, I beat the rap on that dame's paternity suit."



"Excuse me, I'm looking for my wife . . . Oh good, you found her."

WANDA'S WITCHING HOUR





*Centuries ago,
laughing jags were
thought to be a
symptom of possession
by the Devil.*

*Now, we're less
imaginative, and
more scientific. We
say that so and so
is over tired, or
simply working off
excess tension.*

*With Wanda, we're
more inclined to
accept the earlier
interpretation.
She's possessed all
right — possessed
of slightly Satanic
beauty and a
devilish sense
of the ludicrous.*







Strangely, Wanda usually has her delightful seizures late at night, during what she calls her witching hour. Nearly anything can set her off, and when it does, it's good-bye high seriousness, and hello hilarity. We must warn that Wanda's little peculiarity is contagious. If anyone happens to be with her, he is seldom able to maintain decorum in the face of Wanda's merriment. Nobody minds though, because laughing with Wanda is a delightful way to pass the time.





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FOR ADULTS ONLY

LOVE FOR A PENNY (continued from page 31)

Al dropped a coin into the machine, heard a dull clunking noise as the needle flipped to 235. That wasn't anything new to Al, he had weighed 235 for the past ten years. He started to walk away and turned back as he noticed the small fortune card in the machine's receptacle. Just for kicks he pulled the card out and read it. *Sally Loves You!*

Al searched his memory but couldn't remember ever meeting a girl by that name. Nor could Al recall ever reading such a strange message as this on a penny fortune card. Usually the message would read *You Are Going To Marry A Wealthy Widow* and *All Your Children Will Be Triplets*, or some jazz like *Today You Will Find Much Happiness*.

Just for laughs Al inserted another coin in the weighing machine. The second fortune card was a duplicate of the first—*Sally Loves You!*

Al crumpled the two cards in a tight wad and tossed them away. Walking into Miller's drug store Al put a dime on the counter and picked up the morning paper. His mouth fell open and the newspaper dropped from his hand at what he saw sitting on a counter stool.

All Al could think of was the word wow! as he gazed at the most sensual, beautifully-proportioned chunk of womanhood he had ever seen. Her hair, of which she had a great abundance, was swept up from the nape of her neck in a large copery swirl and held loosely in place by one long pin. There was nothing cheap about her. Her mink coat and expensive clothes and the way she held herself told Al she was class, the kind of class seldom observed in Miller's.

Below her attractive face she was all woman with straining breasts and boldly-curving thighs; the skimpy dress revealed and emphasized every thrust and hollow of her body.

She smiled in an inviting manner as Al picked the newspaper from the floor. His face flushed red as he returned the smile. They were alone in the drugstore except for the owner mixing a prescription in the back of the store.

Suddenly the woman looked at Al with a soul-searching expression. Her eyes lit up with recognition as she rose from the stool and walked towards him with arms outstretched.

"Darling, how good to see you," she said in a soft voice. "I knew if I waited long enough you'd show up."

Al realized before he finished

his statement that it was a stupid thing to say. "You must be mistaken lady... I've never met you before."

"Oh, yes you have," she said, wrapping both arms tightly around Al, the softness of her pressed hard against him. "Remember, I'm Sally. Sally loves you!"

Sally broke her grip and stepped back as the druggist returned to the front of the store.

"Sure I remember. How are you, Sally?" Al said trying to play her game, whatever it was. The weighing machine fortune cards—no, they couldn't possibly have any connection with this crazy bit. Just coincidence, that was all.

Whatever was responsible, Al didn't protest, and found himself walking out of the store arm and arm with the beautiful woman in mink.

Sally slid behind the driver's seat of a brand new Cad and Al followed her willingly, sitting beside her. As they drove away Al wondered what kind of a kookie dream he had suddenly stepped into. This was no prostitute pick-up. The duplicate *Sally Loves You* fortune cards...

Who was Sally? Who cared as long as she had a build like this.

Later, when they reached the luxurious suite of rooms at the best hotel in town, Al turned his thinking machine off completely. It was all he could do to concentrate on what was taking place, or rather, what was being taken off by Sally in the king-sized bedroom.

Letting her mink coat slip to the floor Sally followed this by peeling her tight red sheath slowly over her blonde head giving Al plenty of time to appraise her fantastic shape with the bountiful-jutting bosoms and the long, tapering black-nyloned legs.

Al couldn't help reading the embroidered message on the lace trimmed panties. *Sally Loves You*. He stood there goggle-eyed as her fingers worked at the fastenings of her bra.

Al's arms held her tightly as they sank to the bed. So concentrated was Al on the pleasure at hand he had completely forgotten to probe the mystery as to how this gorgeous, long-legged Sally was in love with a guy she had never met before, one whose name she didn't even know.

Al walked out of Sally's hotel three mornings later a physically spent but happy man. It was like stepping out of dreamsville into the cold reality of a noisy street crowded with work-a-day traffic.

As he walked along, Al weakly

reached into his coat pocket and pulled out his wallet to see how much loot he had left. Through the fog of the last three days he somehow remembered that his billfold should contain five one-dollar bills. A small amount of bread, but blood money to Al what with his being laid off at the plant.

He blinked unbelievably as he withdrew not five one-dollar bills but five one-hundred-dollar bills obviously replaced by Sally for the singles.

His searching fingers found a further item within the folds of the leather wallet, a small fortune card whose printed message seemed more than familiar to Al: *Sally Loves You*.

"You can say that again!" Al told himself slapping his forehead and heading for the nearest cocktail bar. . . .

A rather strange happening took place in front of Miller's Drug store that afternoon around three fifteen. It was the weekly time for the service man to replace the weighing machine with new fortune cards. Sally was standing at the curb when the service truck pulled up to a stop.

Sally handed the service man a folded bill and his eyes suddenly sparkled with great happiness when he examined it more closely. When the service man walked over and unlocked a compartment in the penny machine Sally handed him a large bundle of specially printed fortune cards to take the place of the regular cards printed by the weighing-machine company.

After the service man had pulled away in his truck, and if you just happened to be a red-blooded young man in search of a pleasurable, not to mention profitable way of killing an afternoon—or maybe three afternoons—you had only to step up to Miller's weighing-machine, drop a penny in the coin slot, ascertain your weight and what good fortune might be in store for you.

You would find that Sally loves you the same as she does Al, Tom, Dick and Harry. She will be waiting somewhere's around Miller's to follow up the brain-washing message supplied by her privately printed fortune cards.

You should be so lucky. There is a time limit, however. Because once Sally becomes bored with the flower of manhood of a certain town she moves on to fresher fields. Now don't feel sorry for young, beautiful, widowed Sally, a nympho who recently inherited five million dollars. She can afford it. ♠

Dr. Graham also developed a "fasting cure" that would enable a person to live for a century. But either because of the "fasting cure" or over-experimentation with the "Celestial Bed" the good doctor died before he was fifty. More fortunate was one of his young assistants in the Temple of Health named Emma Lyon. She caught the eye of the famous Lord Nelson, the British Admiral, and wound up being Lady Hamilton. Just shows what a little bed-love will do for a girl.

About this time some decidedly odd-minded folk managed to pervert the two major purposes of the bed—sleep and/or sex—by originating the practise called *bundling*. This was a kind of courting custom where the boy and girl were bedded down together, but with a board running down the center of the bed to keep them physically separated during the night. The device was supposed to assure warmth while preventing immoral dalliance. Whether or not bundling accomplished its purpose, it was certainly an exercise in sexual frustration.

No two scholars agree on where this bit of pre-nuptial nonsense originated. The Welsh, the English, the Holland Dutch, the Germans, and the Scots have all been variously blamed for bringing the passion-defeating practise to these shores. It didn't work too well. Nature proved stronger than center-boards.

When you come right down to it, nature is all that counts in the end. It doesn't much matter whether the bed is a super-deluxe French creation like the *lit de grace* or a plain old studio couch or mattress and spring bought on the installment plan.

It's what's in it . . . and when. ♠

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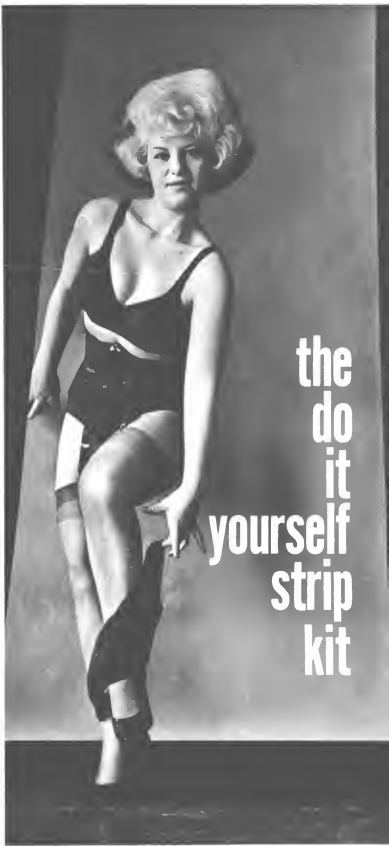
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the
do
it
yourself
strip
kit





Actually, Mara's a ringer. She has played the featured spot in many of the plush strip spots across the country. But after all, who better for the amateur to learn from than a top-flight pro. Mara is so easygoing and has such a fund of patience, owners often ask her to help some of the newer girls perfect their acts. She is delighted to do it and is a fine instructress. It's no wonder either, because before Mara was a stripper—she was a grammar school teacher.







Mara's theory of successful stripping is simple. "You're out there to entertain," she tells the girls, "just like a comic or a singer. So have fun, and the audience will too."



THE PENNY PINCHER'S GUIDE TO PLEASURE

By Irv Spector

How would you like to tour France, visit Paris, make love to a famous Folies Bergere beauty, eat eggplant parmigiano in Rome, put your finger in a dike in Holland, shake hands with Nasser, wrestle with a Scandinavian amazon, climb the East Berlin wall without getting shot, and kiss pale hands beside the Shalimar?

Of course you'd like it... and what's more, you're going to do it, on only three dollars a day!!!

That's right, Johnny, we said three. Not fifty bucks or a hundred per diem, which is the usual cost of such a trip.

Here's how you do it. Your basic needs as a world traveler will be food, lodging, and romance — not necessarily in that order. Transportation will cost you nothing. And — you're going to travel on the finest luxury liner.

You'll have the finest state-room aboard ship... providing you know your captains.

As a cabin-boy many years ago, I got to know my captains very well. Rarely, if ever, will a captain spend any time in his own living quarters. Therefore, you may move right in.

The captain is always in someone else's room... either trying to make time with some wealthy widow, or impressing a fantastically rich oil man and wife from Oklahoma, by telling stories of the sea and drinking their champagne. The rest of the time he holds court at his table in the dining room.

You may sleep in his bed the entire trip and never be dis-

turbed. You may also use his shower, pajamas, shaving lotion, etc.

Tip the Steward three dollars a day and the world is yours.

LONDON

FOOD AND LODGING

You're going to eat and sleep at the most exclusive British club in London, and it's not going to cost you a shilling. All you have to remember is that *nothing ever changes* inside a British club.

Okay, now, I have before me an old, faded newspaper clipping with a photo of Lord Chitsworth, who never returned from a hunting expedition in Injah, (India) in 1936. Presumably he was eaten by a tiger.

You are going to be Lord Chitsworth and live in the manner to which he was accustomed. All you need is a pair of false buck teeth and a walrus mustache, which may be purchased at any joke shop in Piccadilly, for a farthing or less.

Put them on and march yourself over to 33 Belgrave Square. Walk in through the front door. You will be greeted by a wizened little manservant who will exclaim, "Good to 'ave you back, m'Lord! We thought you were done in by that 'orrible tiger!" You will mutter, "Nothing, really... nasty wound, that's all... healed in time, y'know."

And that's all you will have to say from there on in. Lord Chitsworth's private club chair, his place at the table, his living quarters will all be there waiting, unchanged for thirty years. You will drink the Lord's favorite brandy, be served his favorite chop, and sleep in his bed. You may stay as long as you wish.

SEX LIFE

Go home on weekends to Lord Chitsworth's estate. Lady Chitsworth won't know the difference, either.

If the old girl doesn't appeal to you, there are innumerable maids and cleaning girls. Most of them were crazy about the old boy.

PARIS

Two things here will make your mouth water: French cooking and French girls. If you don't drool over either, then you don't deserve salivary glands. We will cover food first.

FOOD

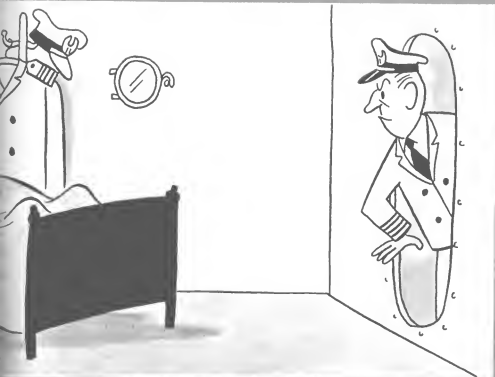
The finest in the world-like French girls — usually covered with a delicious sauce, which you are expected to mop up with a piece of hot garlic bread.

On three bucks a day, you can't afford it. However, you may dine on an almost as good dinner of "seconds." Let us explain the meaning of "seconds."

In the retail business, a piece of material that is imperfect or slightly damaged is called a "second" and sold at a reduced price. The flaw in the piece may be almost imperceptible, but it is a "second," nevertheless. The same rule applies at the magnificent French restaurants like Maxim's.

Walk over to Maxim's but don't enter through the front entrance. Walk around to the





back and knock on the kitchen door. A bus boy will stick out his head. Say to him, "Any seconds today, and how much?" "One half franc," he will answer, and shove out a full course dinner, almost as good as the Maxim's original. Here is a typical menu of "seconds."

Cocktail

Martini with Noilly Prat Vermouth—the residue from each regular diner's drink, all poured into one glass to make a superb martini for you.

Soup

Boiled over onion soup sopped up with a dish rag.

Salad

A la Roquefort. All fresh vegetables, except for reclaimed celery stalk, with heel prints.

Entree

Bruised leg of lamb. Thrown by 3rd chef at 2nd chef. With mint jelly.

Dessert

Lemon meringue glaze filling, out of burned pie.

Beverage

Bottom of coffee urn.

FRENCH GIRLS

Beautiful, delicious, but too expensive. Suggestion: Contact Yvonne, 21 Rue de Peu who is a former Folies Bergere beauty and mistress of the late Paul Gauguin. Yvonne is a little out of shape, but once the lights are low, she has the French genius to create the illusion that you are with a great beauty. The price is reasonable.

ROME

FOOD

Less expensive than Paris, but not cheap. Most Americans complain that the Italian restaurants at home are better than those in Italy. So why pay three times as much because you're abroad?

One should be prepared ahead of time. Before you leave the States, buy a package of Chef Cellini's frozen spaghetti dinner

Nasser has officially proclaimed to be lamb. If you like lamb prepared in the middle-Eastern manner . . . like shishkebob, pilaf, etc. . . . then you'll hate this.

In Cairo you won't have to worry about saving money. You can eat at the poorest cafe and rest assured that it's just as bad as the finest cafe.

LODGING

As we said, you'll probably wind up in jail, so that solves your sleeping problem.

SEX LIFE

You won't have any problem getting a girl; your problem will be getting rid of her. She will approach you first, and say "Yankee, go home . . . with me."

Once home with her, try not to be too self-conscious about the entire family watching. It is the custom.

When you leave, throw ten

pennies on the table—one for each member of the family.

HONG KONG

Fantastic values are to be had here!!!

CLOTHES

You can pick up a tailor-made suit for only \$7.28, easily worth \$230 in the States. The material alone is worth \$199 in New York's garment center. What's more, it will be ready for you the same day you are measured.

Unfortunately, the style will seem to be a little weird. The jacket will be cut along the New York pattern, but there will be

an embroidered silk dragon on the back.

GIRLS

You can pick up a girl for only \$7.28, easily worth \$230, in New York's garment center. She will have a dragon tattooed down her back.

AFRICA

We don't go there much anymore.

TOKYO

FOOD

Tokyo has some magnificent restaurants, all very expensive, but that shouldn't bother you because the Japanese are great imitators. They not only imitate everybody else; they also imitate themselves. Therefore, an inexpensive Japanese restaurant will invariably be a perfect copy of an expensive one. Seek out a cheap one.

LODGING

Ditto the hotels.

SEX LIFE

If you need this article to get girls in Japan, you should have stayed home.

EAST BERLIN

We don't go there very much anymore, but if you should, look me up. I'm in the *Einstrasse* jail, cell block 14. It's very easy to get to East Berlin, just a short pole-vault is all. Getting out is a little tougher.

I smuggled this out with a guard, so don't let on that you know me or my privileges will be taken away. (His too) You might mention to the commandant that I'm not a spy, just a writer of travel brochures. ●





THERE'S A NEW THEORY MAKING THE
ROUNDS OF THE AD AGENCIES THESE
DAYS, CASTING AGAINST THE TYPE.
STELLA DAY IS A LIVING EXAMPLE.



LINGERIE



HERE'S THE IDEA. IF
YOU'RE SELLING LINGERIE,
YOU GET A SVELTE,
SOPHISTICATED MODEL
WHOM ONE WOULD
EXPECT TO SEE IN A
DIMLY LIT, BROCADED
BOUDOIR, THEN YOU
TAKE HER TO A SECLUDED,
WOODSY SPOT, GIVE HER
A FLIMSY NEGLIGEE, *
AND TURN HER LOOSE.
IF THE MODEL IS STELLA
DAY, YOU'LL HAVE
A LARGE AND DEVOTED
MALE AUDIENCE
FOR YOUR AD CAMPAIGN.

WITCHCRAFT





STELLA HAS MODELED EVERYTHING FROM LIPSTICK TO BRASSIERES, BUT SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN CONSIDERED AN INDOOR TYPE. NO MORE, THOUGH. FROM NOW ON, IT'S STELLA BY STARLIGHT, MOONLIGHT AND SUNLIGHT.



Raven has a cravin' and it shouldn't be too tough to spot. That's right — wild stockings! Other than the pair on display, she has them in all colors, with a variety of patterns. We're against the idea on principle. Anyone with legs as lovely as Raven's doesn't need anything to call attention to them.





THE CRAVIN' OF RAVEN

MOTEL MADCAP



Pity poor Betty Peters, a traveling saleslady who must spend her days on the road and her nights in lonely motel rooms.









Betty's a hotshot road girl for an exclusive line of women's cosmetics. On second thought, don't waste your time feeling sorry for her. With her sparkling eyes, her winning smile and vivacious personality, she's the kind of gal who can have a good time anywhere.





Tina Morgan is a real live farmer's daughter, and she would like everyone to know, it's not all fun and frolic. On a farm, everybody works, and Tina spends much of her time with a rake or a hoe in her hand. Tina's a sun lover too, so when her father tells her to go pitch some hay, she doesn't see why she can't get a sun tan in the process.



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER IN THE HAYSTACK





Ah, but free spirited Tina is prey to her frolicsome nature. This is just between us, but she's a bit of a day dreamer. She does her best to resist, but soon she's gamboling in the hay instead of working it.







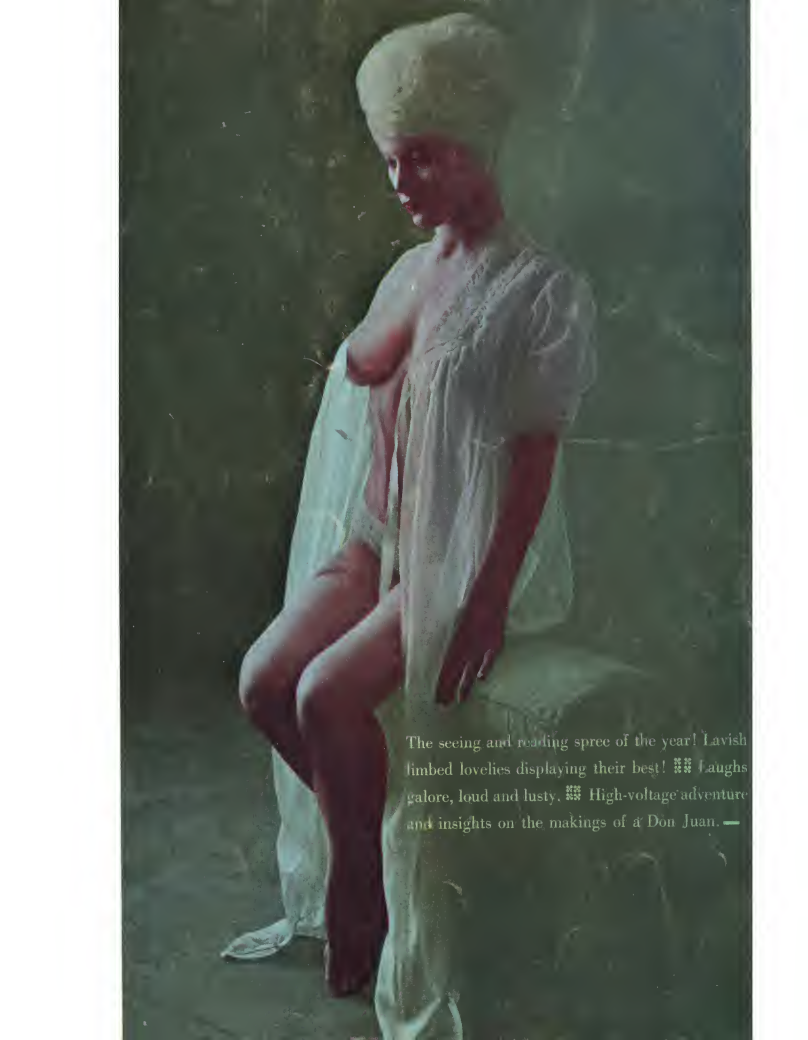
The sun gets higher, and Tina gets warmer. Soon she seeks the cooling oasis of a nearby grove of trees. Tina still has a bit of the tom boy in her, and one particularly climbable tree looks too good to resist. But climbing trees is work too, so after conquering its heights, Tina takes a day dreaming break. She muses about the square dance Saturday night and wonders if she'll find her Prince Charming there.







Ah, but duty calls, and it's back to the haystack. But not for long. A few forkfulls and she's cavorting again. We'd hate to depend on Tina to get the crops in before the rains come. On the other hand, who thinks about crops when there's such an ebullient creature around to occupy one's mind. To heck with the hay, we're a-headin' for the dance.

A full-page photograph of a woman with blonde hair, wearing a white, short-sleeved, open-front dress with lace trim. She is sitting on a light-colored rock or ledge, looking down and slightly to her left. The background is a dark, textured wall.

The seeing and reading spree of the year! Lavish
limbed lovelies displaying their best! ❧❧❧ Laughs
galore, loud and lusty. ❧❧❧ High-voltage adventure
and insights on the makings of a Don Juan. —